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From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 313).

ROME, Dec. 10, 1830.

Dear Father! By the date it is to-day a year since we celebrated your birthday at Hensel's; and let me do as if it were again so now, and let me tell you something from Rome, as I did then from London. As a present I think of writing out to-morrow my old overture to the solitary island,* and when I put Dec. 11th at the bottom, and take the book into my hands, it seems to me as if I were about to give it to you at once. Then you would say, to be sure, you could not read it, but still I had brought you the best that I could make, and if I have the feeling every day as if I ought to do that, yet it is somewhat peculiar with a birthday; — I would I were there. Of how much joy I wish you let me be silent. You know it already, and you know how I and all of us are bound up in your prosperity, your cheerfulness, and that I can wish you nothing, in which we should not all doubly partake.

To-day is feast-day. I enjoy myself when I think how glad it must look with you there at home. And while I tell you how joyfully I live here, I feel as if I wished you joy. Really for me a time like this, in which the earnest and the pleasant are united, is very quickening and beneficial. Every time that I enter my room, I rejoice anew, that I have not to go on further the next day, — that I may quietly put off so many things until the morrow — that I am in Rome! Before, whatever a day brought into my head, was instantly crowded out again by another day, and the impressions chased each other; whereas here all can spread itself out orderly. I believe I never yet have worked with so much zest, and were I to execute all that I propose, I should have to stay by it the whole winter. To be sure, I am deprived of the great pleasure of imparting what I finish to some one who can enjoy and enter into it; but that impels me on again to new work, since everything pleases me best myself, so long as I am in the midst of it. And then this connects itself with the many solemnities and festivals of all sorts, which for a couple of days crowd out work now and then; and since I have made it my purpose to see and enjoy all I can, I do not allow work to hinder me, and so come back to it so much the fresher. It is really a glorious life. As to my health I get along quite well: only the warm air, that is to say the *Sciocco*, affects my nerves very much, and I must be careful how I play the piano much and late of evenings. But just now it comes easy to me to omit that for a day or two, since in the past weeks I have had to play almost every evening. Bunsen, who always cautions me not to play when it is not good for me, gave yesterday a great party, and I had to go. I liked it too, because I made several agreeable acquaintances

* Afterwards published under the name "Overture to the Hebrides."

by the means, and because Thorwaldsen especially expressed himself in such a friendly way towards me, that I am quite proud of it, since I reverence him and have always admired him as one of the greatest men. He is a man like a lion, and it refreshes me only to see his face; you know at once that he must be a glorious artist; he looks so clear out of his eyes, as if everything must shape itself to form and image in him. Moreover, he is altogether gentle, and friendly and mild, because he stands so very high; and yet I believe that he can find delight in smallest things. It is a real enjoyment to me to see a great man, and to think that the original creator of things which are to last forever, stands, in his life, and with all his individuality, before me, and is a man, just as much as others.

Morning of the 11th. — Now is the proper birthday; a few notes apropos to it have just occurred to me; and even if they are not good for anything, there never used to be much in my congratulations. Fanny may make the second part to it; I only write what came into my mind, as I entered the room, where the sun shone again, and it was your birthday.

Andante Maestoso.

The musical score is for a piece titled "Andante Maestoso." It is written for piano, indicated by the "p" marking. The score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. It begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked "Andante Maestoso." There is a section marked "Pedale." and the piece ends with "etc." (et cetera).

Bunsen was just now here, and sends his greetings, wishing you all joy. To me he is friendliness and attention itself, and I think, since you ask me, we shall get on very well together. You have called P. up to my mind in all his unamiableness with a couple of words; indeed the Abbate Santini is an obscure man compared to him, for he does not, by his ungraciousness and arrogance, make himself more important than he is. But just as P. is one of those collectors, who give one an aversion to learnedness and libraries through their narrow-heartedness, so Santini is a genuine collector in the best sense of the word. Whether his things have a great money value, is all the same to him; — so he gives everything away, without distinction, gladly, and only seeks all the time to get something new; for his chief concern is the diffusion and general knowledge of his old music. I have not seen him since then, because now every morning he must figure *ex officio* in his violet robe in St. Peter's; — but if he has availed himself of an old text, he will say so without hesitation, since he takes no credit to himself for being the first. He is, properly speaking, a limited man, and that I hold in a certain sense a great praise; for as he is no luminary, musical or of any sort, and has, moreover, much resemblance with the lay-brother who would penetrate the mysteries, he knows how to confine himself strictly to his sphere. Music does not interest him much, when it only stands in his bookcase; and he is, and holds himself to be nothing but a quiet and industrious laborer. That he is tedious, and also at times not without sharpness, one must freely admit; but when a man has and pursues a definite direction, and develops it according to his powers, in order to benefit other men by it, and carry the thing onward, I like him, and believe that everybody ought to respect him, all the same, whether he be tedious or agreeable. I should like to have you read that before P.

It always makes me inwardly wrath, when men, who have no direction at all, presume to judge of others, who pursue some object, though it be the smallest; and for that reason I have lately served a musician in a social party here to the best of my abilities. He undertook to speak of Mozart, and since Bunsen and his sister love Palestrina, he sought to ingratiate himself with them by asking me, for instance: What I thought then of the good Mozart with his sins? But I answered: I for my part would instantly give up my virtues, and take Mozart's sins instead; how virtuous *he* is, though, I cannot determine. The people began to laugh, and had their pleasure in it. That such folks should feel no modesty before great names! It is a consolation, though, that it is the same thing in all the arts; the painters do no better here. They are frightful people, when you see them sitting in their *Café Greco*. I almost never go there, I have such a horror of them and their favorite place. It is a little, dark room, some eight paces wide, and on one side of the room one may smoke to-

bacco, on the other not. There they sit round on the benches, with their broad hats on, big butcher dogs beside them, throat, cheeks, the whole face covered with hair, make a horrible stench (only on one side of the room), and say coarse things to one another; the dogs take care for the dissemination of vermin; a neck-tie, a frock would be innovations — what the beard leaves free of the face, is hidden by the spectacles; and so they drink coffee, and talk of Titian and Pordenone, as if they sat beside them, and also wore beards and wide-awake hats! And then they make such sick Madonnas, such feeble saints, such milkops of heroes, that one feels a desire to smash into them right and left.

These infernal judges do not shrink even from the picture by Titian in the Vatican, about which you ask me. It has no object and no meaning, say they; and that a master, who occupies himself a long time full of love and devotion with a picture, must probably have seen as far as they with their motley spectacles, never occurs to any of them. And if I never can do more my whole life long, I mean to say the rudest things, and from my heart, to all those who have no respect before their masters; in that I shall have done one good work at least. But here they stand, and see these splendid revelations, of which they have no sort of conception, and then dare to judge them. On the picture there are three degrees or *stadia*, or whatever you may choose to call them, represented, (as there are also in the *Transfiguration*). Below stand martyrs and saints, represented as suffering, enduring and oppressed; on every face dejection, almost impatience; one, in a rich bishop's garb, looks with the liveliest, most painful yearning upward, as if he wept, and yet he cannot see what already floats above them all, and what we know who stand before the picture. Above them, namely, in a cloud sits the Madonna with the child, full of serenity, and surrounded by angels, who have wound many wreaths; and the Christ child holds one of them, and seems to want to crown the saints below immediately, but the mother for the moment holds him back. The contrast of the pain and sufferings below, where St. Sebastian looks so darkly and almost indifferently out of the picture, with the high, untroubled serenity in the clouds, where the wreaths are all ready for them, is altogether splendid. High over the Madonna group again hovers the Holy Spirit, from which a clear, beautiful light diffuses itself, and so it forms the keystone of the whole. It just now occurs to me, that Goethe, in the beginning of his first stay in Rome, describes the picture and admires it; but I have not the book here, and so cannot read it over to see how far it agrees with my account. He speaks at length of it; it was then in the Quirinal, and did not come until later to the Vatican. Now whether it was made to order, as these people maintain, or for whatever other reason, it is all the same. He has put his own feeling, his own poetry into it, and so it has become his own. Schadow, with whom I have pleasant and frequent intercourse, since he generally, and in his own department especially, judges very mildly, clearly and calmly, recognizing all true greatness, lately thought, that Titian never had painted an indifferent and tedious picture, and I believe he is right; for life and inspiration and the healthiest power speak out of all that he has represented; and where

these are, it is good to be. But this now is the fine, the unique thing here: that one sees only things that have been written about, talked about, painted, judged, for better or for worse, a thousand times; by the greatest masters, by the smallest scholars, now praised and now found fault with; yet still the things make such a fresh and quickening impression on one, that they excite each differently according to his idiosyncrasy. Here you can always refresh yourself from men by turning to the surroundings, which is frequently reversed in Berlin.

I have just received your letter of the 27th, and I am heartily rejoiced that I have already answered many things which you ask in it. There is no hurry about the letters which I asked for; I have in the meantime made almost more acquaintances than I like to have, because late sitting up and making music does not agree with me at all in Rome, and so I can wait for them with patience. Formerly it was not so, and therefore I asked so pressingly. Only I do not quite understand what you say to me of the *coterie*, which I have now outgrown; for I know that I, and all of us, have always from our hearts hated and dreaded that which commonly goes by that name, to-wit: an exclusive, narrow, empty companionship, which cleaves to mere externals. But it is almost natural, that among men who see each other daily, without their interest changing; who must, too, lack participation in public things (as is indeed the case in Berlin, the theatre excepted), — that with them a humorous, lively, unique way of speaking about things should easily form itself, and that so a peculiar, perhaps even uniform language should spring up; but that can form no *coterie*. I certainly believe that I shall never belong to a *coterie*, whether I be in Rome or Wittenberg. I am glad that the last word I wrote, before your letter came, was, that in Berlin one must seek relief from the surroundings in men; and that shows, that I have no word to say for the *coterie* spirit, since that only separates men from one another. I should be sorry, if you should remark such a thing, except momentarily, of me or of any one of us. Pardon me, dear father, that I defend myself so earnestly against that intimation; but I have already the deepest aversion to that word, and you write me in this very letter, that I must always speak right out, just as I feel; so do not take it ill of me.

To-day I was in St. Peter's, where the great solemnities, called Absolutions, for the Pope have commenced, and will last until Tuesday, when the Cardinals go into conclave. The building is beyond all representation. To me it seems like a great work of Nature, — a forest, masses of rocks or the like; for I always lose the idea of a human work in it. One looks up at the ceiling, as little as at the sky. One loses himself in it, goes to walk in it, and walks himself soon very weary. Divine service is held and sung in it; but you only notice it when you come near to it. The baptismal angels are uncouth giants; the doves colossal birds of prey; one loses all idea of measure and proportion; and yet one feels his heart wide open, when he stands beneath the cupola, and sees clear to the top in one look. To-day a monstrous catafalque is erected in the nave, which has about this form.† In the mid-

† Here follows in the letter a little drawing of the catafalque.

dle under the pillars stands the coffin; the thing is tasteless, and yet it makes a strange effect. The upper round is thickly set with candlesticks; so, too, the ornaments upon it; the lower round likewise, and over the coffin hangs a burning lamp. Beneath the statues burn innumerable candles; moreover the whole is over 100 feet high, and stands directly against you, when you enter. And now the guard of honor and the Swiss march round in a quadrangle; in every corner sits a Cardinal in deep mourning with his servants, holding great burning torches, and then begins the chant with the *Responsoria*, monotonous and simple, as you know it. It is the only time they ever sing in the middle of the church, and it makes a wonderful effect. Only to stand in the midst of the singers (I may do that), and to look at them, gives one a splendid impression. For there they all stand around their colossal book, out of which they sing, and the book again is lighted with a colossal torch, that burns before it; and the way they all crowd one another in their robes, in order to see and sing well, and Bains with his monkish face beats time with his hand, and now and then scolds violently in the midst of it, and then to observe all the various Italian faces, is a pleasure. And as one always here has only to hasten from one enjoyment to another, so it is also in their churches, particularly in St. Peter's, where a couple of steps change the whole scene instantly. I went to the extreme end, and there was a wonderful spectacle. Through the wound columns of the high altar, which you know is as high as the Schloss in Berlin, and away over the space of the cupola, you saw, in diminishing perspective, the whole catafalque with its rows of lights, and the many little men who crowded round it. When the music begins, the tones come much later back there, and die away and vanish in the immeasurable space, so that one hears the strangest, most indefinite harmonies. Change your position again, and place yourself in front of the catafalque, and instantly you have, behind the glow of the many lights, and all the shining splendor, the twilight cupola full of blue vapor, and that is altogether indescribable. — In short, it is Rome!

The letter has grown long; I will close it; it will arrive just at Christmas. A joyous festival then to you all! But I send gifts also; they will set out day after to-morrow, and arrive on the day of the silver wedding. Many glad festal days come close together here, and I do not exactly know, whether I shall think myself away to you to-day, and wish you joy, dear father, or whether to think with the letter, and arrive on Christmas eve and not be admitted by mother through the room in which the tree is building. But I must take it out in thinking. May you all fare well and be happy. Felix.

I have just got your letter, bringing me the news of Goethe's sickness. How I was personally affected by it, is not to be told. All the evening his last words: "We will see to it to keep ourselves on our feet till your return," rang continually in my ears, and allowed no other thoughts to come up; and, if he is gone, Germany assumes another form for artists. I have never thought of Germany as a country without rejoicing from my heart, and feeling proud that Goethe lives in it; and the after-growth looks,

for the most part, so weak and sickly, that one's heart is heavy. He is the last, and closes a bright, happy period before us! The year ends terribly serious.

(To be continued.)

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISSELE.

(Continued from page 322.)

To the letters just cited may be added these, addressed to his brother (probably Ferdinand) from Gmunden:

Sept. 12, 1825.

"DEAR BROTHER!

I should really like, as you desire, to make a full description of our journey to Salzburg and Gastein; but you know how little fitted I am to narration and description. But since I should have in any case to tell it upon my return to Vienna, I will rather venture now in writing, than then orally, to sketch a feeble picture of all these extraordinary beauties; in this way I may hope to hit it, better than in the other.

"We set out on our journey about the middle of August from Steyer, and went by the way of Kremsmünster, which in fact I had often seen before, but which, on account of its beautiful situation, I cannot pass by. You overlook a very lovely valley, interrupted by some gentle little hills; on the right side rises a not inconsiderable mountain, on whose summit the far-stretching convent offers already from the carriage way, which leads down over an opposing brook, a most splendid sight, particularly heightened by the mathematical tower. Here, where we have for sometime past been known, especially Herr von Vogl, who has studied here, we were very friendly received, but, without tarrying, kept on our way, which afforded nothing worthy of especial mention, until we came to Vöklabruch, where we arrived in the evening; in a dreary nest.

"The next morning we came, by Strasswalchen and Frankenmarkt, to Neumarkt, where we dined. These places, which already lie within the Salzburg region, are distinguished by a peculiar style of building of the houses. Nearly everything is of wood. The wooden kitchen utensils are arranged on wooden stands, set against the houses on the outside, around which run wooden walks. Everywhere too on the houses hang old riddled targets; which have been preserved as trophies from times long passed away; for frequently we find the date 1600 and 1500. Here too begins the Bavarian money. From Neumarkt, which is the last post before Salzburg, you already see the mountain peaks, just covered with snow, look out from the Salzburg valley. About five (English) miles from Neumarkt the country becomes wonderfully beautiful. The Waller-See, which spreads out its clear bluish green water on the right of the road, enlivens this graceful landscape in the most glorious manner. The situation is very high, and from this point it descends continually to Salzburg. The mountains rise higher and higher; especially the fabulous Untersberg looms up magically as it were above the rest. The villages show traces of former opulence. On the commonest peasants' houses you find everywhere marble window and door posts, also frequently doorsteps of red marble. The sun veils itself

and the heavy clouds pass over the black mountains like misty spectres; but they do not touch the crown of the Untersberg; they creep by him, as if they feared his dreadful import. The wide valley, sown with single castles, churches and farm-houses, grows more and more visible to the enraptured eye. Towers and palaces show themselves by degrees; at length you pass the Capuchin mountain, whose huge rock-wall, close by the roadside, soars up perpendicularly and looks fearfully down upon the traveller. The Untersberg with his attendants grows gigantic; his greatness will almost crush us.

"And now we enter, through some stately alleys, into the city itself. Fortifications, wholly of free-stone blocks, surround this once celebrated seat of the Electors. The gates of the city with their inscriptions announce the vanished might of the priesthood. Mere houses of four or five stories fill the rather broad streets; and passing the oddly ornamented house of Theophrastus Paracelsus, we go over the bridge of the Salzach, which roars by strong and dark and turbid. The city itself made a rather gloomy impression on me, while the cloudy weather darkened the old houses still more; and besides this, the fortress, which lies on the highest summit of the Mönchberg, winks its spirit greeting down into all streets of the city. But as unfortunately it began to rain immediately on our arrival—a very common case here—we could not manage to see much, except the many palaces of splendid churches visible in passing. By Herr Pauernfeind, a merchant of Herr v. Vogl's acquaintance, we were introduced at the house of Count von Platz, President of the *Landrecht*, by whose family, already acquainted with us by name, we were most friendly received. Vogl sang some songs by me, whereupon we were invited for the following evening and asked to produce our bag and baggage before a select circle, which proved much to the taste of all, the *Ave Maria*,* mentioned in my first letter, meeting with especial favor.

"The way in which Vogl sings and I accompany, the way we seem in such a moment to be one, is something wholly new, unheard of to these people. After we had ascended the Mönchberg the next morning, from which one overlooks a large part of the city, I could not but be astonished at the multitude of splendid buildings, palaces and churches. But there are few inhabitants here, many houses stand empty, many are only occupied by one, or at the most two or three families. On the squares, of which there are many and beautiful ones, grass grows between the flag-stones, so little are they trodden. The Cathedral is a heavenly building after the model of St. Peter's church in Rome, of course on a smaller scale. The length of the church has the form of a cross, and is surrounded by four immense courts, each one of which forms a great square. Before the entrance stand the apostles in gigantic size hewn out of stone. The interior of the church is supported by many marble columns, is adorned with the figures of the Electors, and in all its parts is indeed perfectly beautiful. The light, falling in through the cupola, lights up every corner. This extraordinary brightness makes a divine effect, and might be commended to all churches. On the four squares,

* The well-known hymn among the songs from Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

which surround the church, are found great fountains, which are ornamented with the boldest and most splendid figures.

"From here we went into the cloister of St. Peter's, where Michael Haydn has resided. This church too is wonderfully beautiful. Here, as you know, is found the monument of M. Haydn. It is really fine, but in an out-of-the-way corner. There is something childish also in these little billets lying round; the urn contains his head. May thy clear, tranquil spirit hover over me, thou good Haydn, thought I to myself; and even if I cannot be so clear and tranquil, yet surely no one on earth reverences thee so inwardly as I. (A heavy tear fell from my eyes, and we passed on). We dined at Herr Pauernfeind's, and when the weather in the afternoon allowed us to go out, we ascended the Nonnenberg, which, although not high, affords the most beautiful prospect. It overlooks the hinder valley of Salzburg. It is almost impossible to describe to you the loveliness of this valley. Imagine a garden, covering many miles, and in it countless palaces and estates, which look out of or through the trees; imagine a river, winding through the most variegated meadow; imagine meadows and fields, like so many carpets of the finest colors; then the splendid masses which wind like ribbands round them, and finally alleys, miles long, of immense trees, all surrounded by an immeasurable row of highest mountains, standing like watchmen over this heavenly valley; imagine this, and still you have but a feeble idea of its inexpressible beauty. The rest of the notabilities of Salzburg, which I only saw on our return journey, I will leave till then, and follow up my description chronologically."

Sept. 21. Steyer.

"You see by the date, that several days have flown between this and my former line, and we from Gmunden have settled down upon Steyer. To continue my description then (of which I already repent, because it lasts too long for me), here follows the following as follows: The following morning was the finest day of the world and in the world. The Untersberg (Under-hill), or properly the Uppermost, shone and glittered with his squadron and the common rabble of the rest of the mountains splendidly in, or rather near, the sun. We rode through the vale above described, as through Elysium; the valley, though, has this advantage over that Paradise, that we sat in a charming coach, which convenience Adam and Eve had not. Instead of the wild beasts, we met many sorts of the most darling maidens. It is not right, that I make such miserable jokes in so beautiful a country, but to-day for once I cannot be serious. And so, sunk in rapture, we steered on composedly over the lovely day and over the yet more lovely country, meeting with nothing striking, except in a dainty building, which is called *Monat-Schlösschen*, because an Elector had it built for his sweetheart in a single month. That everybody knows here, but no one is shocked at it. A tolerance most delightful. This little building also seeks to glorify the valley by its charms.

After a few hours we arrived in the remarkable but exceedingly dirty and gloomy city Hallein. The inhabitants all look like spectres, pale, hollow-eyed and lean enough for kindlings. This frightful contrast, which this view of the Ratzenstadt, &c., upon that valley produces, made an

extremeful fatal impression on me. It is as if one fell from the sky upon a dung-heap, or after Mozart's music heard a piece by the immortal A. Vogl was not to be moved to visit the salt mine and works; his great soul, goaded by his gout, strove towards Gastein, as does the traveller in a dark night to a light point. So we rode on past Golling, where the first high, insurmountable mountains showed themselves, through whose fearful gorges the pass Lueg leads. After we had climbed slowly up over one great mountain, terrible mountains before our nose, as well as on both sides, so that one could believe the world was nailed up here with boards, suddenly we looked, on reaching the highest point of the mountain, down into a frightful gorge, and one felt his heart fluttered somewhat for a moment. But recovering from the first fright, you see these wild high walls of rock, which seem to shut us in at a little distance, like a blind alley, and you study in vain to find the exit. In the midst of this dreadful nature, man too has sought to immortalize his yet more dreadful bestiality. For here it was, where the Bavarians on the one side and the Tyroleans on the other side of the Salzach, which roaring paves its way deep, deep below, committed that horrible murder, when the Tyroleans, hidden in the hollows of the rocks, fired down with hellish cries of exultation upon the Bavarians, who sought to gain the pass, and who, being hit, plunged down into the abyss, unable to see whence the shots came. This most shameful beginning, which was continued several days and weeks, they have sought partly to indicate and partly to expiate (through such holy signs) by a chapel on the Bavarian side and by a red cross in the rocks on the Tyrolean side. O glorious Christ, to how many shameful deeds thou hast to lend thine image. Thyself the ghastliest monument of human depravity, they set thine image up as if they would say: 'See! with rude feet we have trampled the most perfect creation of almighty God; shall it cost us any pains with light hearts to annihilate the remaining vermin, called men?'

"But let us avert our eyes from such humiliating reflections, and see to it rather, that we come out of this hole. After descending for a good while, the two rock walls advancing nearer and nearer together, and the road with the stream becoming narrowed to four yards breadth, suddenly, where one least suspects it, under an overhanging rock, where the pent up Salzach rages furiously, the road turns, to the agreeable surprise of the traveller. For now we go ahead upon a broader way, and level, although still shut in by mountains heaven-high. At noon we arrived in Werffen. A market, with an important fortification, built by the Salzburg Electors, is now being renovated by the Emperor. On our return we ascended it; it commands a splendid prospect of the valley, which is bounded on one side by the huge Werfner mountains, which you see as far as Gastein. Heaven! Devil! what a frightful thing is a description of a journey! I can go no further. As I shall come in the first days of October to Vienna, I will hand you this scribbling myself and tell you the rest by word of mouth."

(To be continued.)

Johanna Wagner.

To the Editor of the Musical World, (London).

"Why"—asks the *Recensionen* of Vienna—"has

Johanna Wagner (Mad. Jachmann) appeared in the drama?"

If we consider this lady's career—extending over more than twenty years—as a singer, the final result of her professional exertions does not strike us as occupying quite so prominent a place in the history of the modern stage as a number of German musical critics have taken upon themselves to represent. Her vocal efforts were deficient in the *creative element*, properly so speaking, for all that was most brilliant in them was founded upon the genial impersonations of Mad. Schröder-Devrient. In Berlin, Mad. Wagner's imposing figure exercised a special power of attraction, and her Orpheus gained for her the undivided approbation of the lovers of classical music. Although not of great compass, her voice possessed strength, and, in the lower register, rich volume. But, without pity for herself, she speedily ruined these advantages, by singing such parts as Valentine, Fidelio, &c., which required of her voice what was almost an impossibility. The friendly warning of criticism was allowed to pass by unheeded. Accustomed to lay on her colors thickly, what she principally aimed at, in her impersonations, were startling effects, which, as her voice, by being continually forced upwards and downwards, had become dull and flat, she was at last unable to produce. That a lady who has sung for ten years in one place, should have found a circle of admirers and enthusiasts, is something perfectly natural. Unfortunately, the applause lavished on her by these persons was no longer able to fire, lightning like, the masses, and, despite all exertions in other quarters as well, Mad. Wagner was compelled to think of retiring from the Opera. In order that this step might not involve her retirement from the stage altogether, an expedient was hit upon; it was agreed that her claim for a pension should be bought for a respectable sum, and, in addition, that her expressed wish to be allowed to appear in spoken drama should be granted. In this way was the appearance of Mad. Wagner, the singer, in Goethe's *Ifigenie* brought about, after due endeavors, by means of puffing, to gain over the sympathy of the public for this "first attempt."

"How"—continues the *Recensionen*—"did Mad. Wagner make her appearance in the drama?"

On the occasion of the festivities accompanying royal birthdays, people here, as a general rule, were not in the habit of seeing the theatre very crowded, and custom required that the audience should refrain from loud applause. The "dramatic attempt" of Mad. Wagner, the singer, drew a house crammed to the ceiling, and, with that want of tact, which usually distinguishes over-zealous friends, Mad. Wagner, in defiance of all precedent, was received with applause which seemed as though it would never cease, and honored, in the course of the evening, with bouquets, just as if she had been an actress already crowned with fame. People, however, soon became aware that the "attempt" was not successful. The tumultuous abuse of applause, unfortunately now naturalized in ballet and opera, was transplanted into the more modest area of the theatre, and it is almost beyond dispute that a "higher" claque than the ordinary one intended to surprise the public, the critics, and the Intendant-General. A number of the Berlin critics were, it is true, bewildered by such a hubbub, and saved themselves from pronouncing an opinion by indulging in cheap enthusiasm; the more prudent ones, however, although speaking with evident mildness and indulgence, were but little edified by Mad. Wagner's *Ifigenie*. Herr Röscher, for instance, wrote as follows:—"Subsequent performances will enable us to say what share respect for the dramatic singer had in these ovations. That the lady should, immediately on her appearance, be greeted by uproarious applause, was not a mark of much tact, since Mad. Wagner was appearing for the first time in this branch of art. Indeed she will do well, as a rule, to seek protection against blundering friends, who, to judge by this first sample, can only injure her. The present criticisms ought to be addressed exclusively to the aspirant in this new field for her exertions. If we were to mention everything with which we disagreed, we should be obliged to extend our notice into a regular treatise." We are, therefore, not alone in our tolerably candid criticism, and it was to be feared that the public, as in so many other instances, would suffer from a terrible reaction, after their fit of frenzy was over. When personal sympathy has cooled down a little, people will at length endeavor to determine in what consists the difference between, and the merit of, the peculiar mental task of a singer and actress, for a part like Goethe's *Ifigenie* is far from being properly represented by any one possessing only a majestic form without a large amount of deep feeling.

Even the second performance of *Ifigenie* was moderately attended, and the applause trifling. But the

second part, Maria Stuart, quite sobered the public. Mad. Wagner's action was moderate, but unmeaning. Her best scene was that with Burligh, though here again we heard nothing save hollow and monotonous declamation, overloaded with ponderous false accentuation. We perceived no sign of anything like soul or intensity of feeling. The grand scene in the third act, stripped of all declamatory spirit, was dull and colorless, the actress anxiously avoiding the exhibition of aught approaching passion.

On the 2nd November, Mad. Wagner appeared as Orsina, in *Emilia Galotti*, and, although nearly ashamed of so much blame, we confess we never before heard the Prince's deserted mistress represented with greater roughness and coarseness of tone, while the unfavorable impression thus produced, was increased by an unbecoming dress. Where was the proud Italian woman, the fiery and passionate Orsina, whose exasperated soul, filled with the desire of revenge, is meditating the death of the faithless Prince? Lessing's dialogue brought out, on this occasion, no fiery excitement, no feverish emotion: the actress had not the slightest conception of the part. The vision in which a "Himmliche Fantasie" should dawn, "as though in a trance," upon the hapless Orsina, now almost mad, was spoken by Mad. Wagner close to the prompter's box, while Odoardo (Herr Kaiser), was walking up and down, immersed in thought, at the back of the stage. Indeed, as a rule, the other actors and actresses did not appear to exist for the *débutante*—provided only the cue was given at the right time. As we left the theatre, an admirer of the lady, on our observing the fourth act of *Emilia Galotti* was absolutely nothing, unless the representative of Orsina exhibited intense passion, said to us, "Ja, ja, det is nich ihr Genre!" "Oh! yes. That is not her line!"

If we consider the three parts, *Ifigenie*, Maria Stuart, and Orsina, selected by Mad. Wagner for her *débuts*, it is self-evident that such a selection implies no ordinary aspiration, for, had the fair and respected vocalist succeeded in dramatically carrying out these three grand but heterogeneous female conceptions, she would have encircled her brow with a crown of artistic excellence such as had never before existed. But she was deficient in the soul and voice necessary for so lofty a flight. Up to the present time, the Berlin public have, with admirable forbearance, watched the dramatic essay of a fair singer, greatly respected by them, and have spoken only in "silent circles" of the absolute inefficiency of their favorite. Had a strange actress played the above characters as Mad. Wagner played them, we very much doubt that the critics and the public would have preserved such exemplary silence. For the gratification of certain individuals, or as a stroke of policy intended to work upon the curiosity of those who pay their money, such an experiment on the part of a dramatic singer, hitherto the object of popular applause, may be all very well for a short period; but the engagement of Mad. Wagner as *prima donna assoluta* in drama, might, perhaps, be productive of bitter regret, at some future period, and is, therefore, not advisable. Every one capable of forming an opinion will agree on this point. A. A.

* The equivalent, in the Berlin *patois*, of "Ja, ja, das ist nicht ihr Genre."—TRANSLATOR.

Anecdote of Prince Albert.

We borrow (says the *Albion*) from a London correspondent of an English provincial paper the subjoined gossip that has now a melancholy interest.

One of the pleasantest operatic reminiscences is of a performance, not long ago, of Beethoven's grand opera of "Fidelio," at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The king of the Belgians and the Count of Flanders had accompanied the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Princess Alice to the opera. The massive harmonies, the contending passions which sweep through the opera like a tempest, the magnificent choruses, a performance faultless from the first note to the last, the finest orchestra in Europe and the best conductor, made the representation of "Fidelio" on this particular night a consummate treat for the musician. I never saw a party enjoy an opera more thoroughly than that in the royal box. They all knew the music. His Majesty King Leopold beat time through whole bars, and you might have thought you were looking at the music master in the "Barber of Seville." It was not a simple motion of finger and wrist. The fore-arm of majesty described large triangles like the pictures in the music books, and always in true anticipation of Costa's rapid baton. But the true *finatico per la musica* was the Prince Consort. Every note of the music, it was clear, was as familiar to him as "God save the Queen" to an Englishman. His unimpressible and unimpassioned manner vanished in the dim recesses of the royal box,

Chopin's Mazurkas.

21

Vivo ma non troppo. (♩ = 160.)

No. 7.

Op. 7. No. 2.

No. 7.
Op. 7. No. 2.

Vivo ma non troppo. (♩ = 160.)

p

Cres.

f **Stretto.**

p

Cres.

p **Poco rall.**

A Tempo.

Fine. *p*

Cres.

p **Poco rall.**

Chopin's Mazurkas.

The musical score consists of six systems, each with a piano (left) and treble (right) staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4.

- System 1:** Treble staff begins with *A tempo.* and *1st.* The piano staff has a *p* dynamic marking. The system concludes with a *2nd.* ending.
- System 2:** Treble staff begins with *Dolce.* and features triplet markings. The piano staff is marked *Sempre legato.* The system ends with a *Scherz.* marking.
- System 3:** Treble staff features triplet markings and a *f* dynamic marking. The piano staff continues with a *f* dynamic marking.
- System 4:** Treble staff features triplet markings and a *Riten.* marking. The piano staff has *fz* and *f* dynamic markings, followed by a *p* marking.
- System 5:** Treble staff begins with *A tempo.* and *Dolce.* The piano staff has a *pp* marking and is marked *Legato.*
- System 6:** Treble staff features triplet markings and a *1st.* ending, followed by a *2nd.* ending. The piano staff is marked *pp Scherz.* and concludes with *D.C. al Fine.*

Chopin's Mazurkas.

23

Tempo di Mazurka. (♩. = 64.)

No. 8.
Op. 7. No. 3.

pp *Setto voce.* *Smerz.*

p *Con anima.*

Con forza. *Dim. p* *Rubato.*

Con forza. *Cres.* *f* *p* *Stretto.*

Dolce. *Ped.* ** P d.* ** Ped.* *Ped.* *p* *Stretto.*

Dolce. *Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* *f*

Chopin's Mazurkas.

The image displays a page of a musical score, likely for a piano, consisting of six systems of staves. The music is written in a minor key, indicated by the key signature (three flats). The notation includes various dynamics such as *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *ff* (fortissimo), and *pp* (pianissimo). There are also articulations like *Tenn.* (Tenuto) and *Marcato*. Performance instructions include *Riten. e sotto voce.* (Ritardando and sotto voce) and *Legato.* The score is written for a grand piano, with treble and bass staves. The page is numbered 10 in the bottom right corner.

where he might suppose himself unobserved. He beat time for Costa a note in advance. In the absence of that inimitable *chef*, it is clear he could have stepped into his seat, and carried the orchestra through with *éclat*. It was not alone with the air or *motif* (you will please to observe) that he indicated this perfect familiarity, but in the sub-action of the orchestra, the independent "setting" of the accompaniment, and the intricacy of the fugue. His enthusiasm, indeed, accidentally noticed by the Queen, quite upset her gravity. Beethoven wrote two or three overtures for "Fidelio." One was played before the curtain rose, and the other, the splendid composition known as "Leonora," between the first and second acts.

The musician will recollect that in the latter are some crescendo passages for stringed instruments, which at length burst like a storm into elementary war. The Prince was so carried away by the fire and energy of the overtures under Costa's impetuous baton, that he sprang from his seat, and seemed to be calling up the music with his right hand from the depths of sound. Her Majesty happened at this instant to look round, and was so tickled at seeing the Prince on his legs and turning an imaginary barrel organ, that her mirth became irrepressible. The royal cambrie was at frequent intervals brought to the royal lips, and very red in the face did the Majesty of England become before the risibility, thus unexpectedly awakened, could be restrained and sobered down to a decent gravity. The Prince, I will venture to say, rose at once in the estimation of every one who chanced to notice this little touch of nature. Somebody has said, "we meet our friends in a melody as in a glance of the eye, far beyond where words have strength to climb." Thus the King and Prince looked at each other as Beethoven chronicled "all the sobs, the heart-heavings and god-like Promethean thefts of the earth spirit," and thus they gave answering waves of the hand in token of musical sympathy and appreciation. If, indeed, I wanted an illustration of the refined pleasure which musical genius is capable of giving to the cultivated connoisseur, I should cite the exquisite and unaffected enjoyment by this royal party of an opera which three Englishmen out of four consider to be heavy. But gone, alas! are all those pleasant nights with the great composers, which he so thoroughly relished, and in their stead remain saddened remembrances, tender regrets, and chastened sorrow. The Poet Laureate has said—

Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still.

The Jarves Collection of Old Masters.

Boston, Jan. 4, 1862.

To the Editors of the Salem Register:

Permit me to call the attention of your readers to the remarkable exhibition of pictures now at Williams & Everett's, No. 234 Washington street, Boston. Certainly never before in this city has such a genuine collection of old masters, and of such a rare stamp, been placed before the public. It is a fair representation of the criticism of the age. One may recognize here the sources of Ruskin's enthusiasm for the mediæval art, of Lord Lindsay's, of Rio's, and the other able expositors of the true merit and deep pious feeling of the early religious painters—the pre-Raphaelites; and not to be forgotten among those writers, the owner of those pictures himself, who has furnished in the elegant publication called "Art Studies," some very judicious and delicate criticisms, highly instructive upon the attractions in the genius of those times.

Nor are pictures wanting to prove the undeniable merit of later schools. We have specimens of the Carracci, a Mater Dolorosa, probably by Ludovico, Domenichino and Guido, and Murillo, that school which Sir Joshua Reynolds held up as the best model of study and imitation, as well as Fra Angelico, Sano di Pietro, his rival in purity, Giotto, the delightful Gentile da Fabriano, and no less pleasing Lorenzo di Credi, Masaccio, and a perfect example of the incomparable color and solemn poetry of Giorgione, which glows in the room like a bandeau of jewels.

Not to particularize too carefully amid such a little heap and casket of gems, we cannot refrain from a few words upon the excellence of some of these noble works. On first entering the little hall where these old world treasures are deposited, one cannot but be arrested by the cool, diaphanous, deep, glowing color which meets the eye on the opposite wall. Harmony and richness itself, gem-like, glancing light, radiance and splendor, and perfect sentiment in form and expression, subdued and harmonized to a delicious accord by an ever pervading taste and mastery of treatment. Nothing hot, dusty, hasty, opaque, dauby and crude; but everywhere lumin-

ousness, inwardness, honest finish and careful labor; humidity and dewiness of nature, as in the exquisite Murillo, which faces you. The very Zephyr is here playing his finest note on the "organ pipe of nature," if it shall not rather be called an Æolian harp. Nothing can surpass the freshness and brilliance of this picture. In delicacy, feeling and treatment felicitous beyond conception. Like strains of music upon the ear, the color and bloom from fruit, flower and foliage, and the form of the lovely girl, her robes easily escaping, tintured and died as with grapes, and redolent of sunny wines, Claret and Burgundy.

Dance and Provencal song and sun-burnt mirth strikes upon the sense, and kindles the imagination like some exquisite idol, some impassioned verse. It is perhaps as fine a bit of nature, of poetry and romance, as one will meet with in any gallery.

The Spanish painters were forbidden by the Inquisition to paint the nude, and this was the limit of Murillo's daring. It is a most uncommon subject for the painter, who, besides his religious pictures, revelled in the picturesque and the artistic to be detected in common life, peasant boys and beggars on the ground. The same pose however, and suggestions of a similar composition, occur in several works of the painter, in Europe; enough to show what his genius might have accomplished with this happy, innocent loveliness, this sensuous and romantic vein, sweet and flowing, airy as summer, luscious as vintage; and how his genius, loving all things in nature, took delight in the beauty of the world around him.

Besides the Murillo, which cannot but captivate every one, and remain in the memory like some loved poem—we have heard it said that our poet's lamented wife spoke of this picture with enthusiasm, a few days before her sad death, which all the country mourns—the large Guido, just arrived, is sure to please every lover of the beautiful. A composition like a rhythm in poetry, two lovely heads bent the same way, like the recurrence of a refrain harmonizing verse. Like lilies upon two neighboring stalks, they incline gracefully, they droop and hang the head gently; the hair looped and allowed to stray escapes in beautiful festoons, with ravishing lines, elegant as the head it adorns. Everything is married to grace and harmony; beauty and pensiveness like a flower. Their eyes are full of tenderness and sentiment. Indeed we remember no instance in Guido's greatest works where the eyes are softer, or so melting in expression as here. The eyes in the Beatrice Cenci at Rome are wonderfully expressive, gentle and lustrous, but swollen with grief and weeping. The subject is the disarming of Cupid. Besides the two lovely figures just spoken of, which are so beautifully handled, a third appears in contrast, placed in profile, and habited in an ideal close-fitting tunic or vest, a costume we are taught to believe in the ancient art the goddesses wore. Cupid remonstrates vigorously, seated in the lap of the central figure; a fine vigorous infant very *pigant*, and touched naturally. With some neglect of drawing in the lower parts of the composition, and a shadow of excess in one of the heads, this is one of the best preserved and most interesting of Guido's minor works. The sinking in and disappearance of the green drapery which formed the back ground, and which can now be dimly discerned in certain lights, has caused the figures to have a startling, bright and vivid look, too much for harmony and keeping. The accessories are finely done. There is lustrous orange and gold; and the drapery is in parts beautifully felt, tender, and exquisitely disposed. The crimsons in this master are never good, but red, hot and brick. The flesh tints and rosy coloring are delightful. The texture of the most soft and delicate skin and pinky bloom, with the vesture lying on it and colored by it, are beautifully given, but in this respect the Bolognese painters never equalled Titian and Rubens. This picture gave the name to one of the rooms of a fine old palace at Sienna, on the road from Florence to Rome, which was called the Guido Chamber. The late owner, Lord Fleetwood, purchased it for £900.

The Domenichino, by its side, is a fine example of this master. Refined, to the highest degree, and beautiful, with excellent harmony of parts, and a certain breadth and dignity of style. The color rich and luminous. The story is something badly told, perhaps. Artemisia prepares to drink the ashes of her husband with a sort of elegant unconcern; but the whole is a very lovely picture, and the highest type of the ornate and eclectic school which has reigned in the drawing-room for several generations back. Notice the exquisite painting of the vase, and the noble drapery; and the perfect oval (a narrower face than Guido, in his Niobe head, commonly gives, more *petite* and delicate) which the outline of the face forms, and in which this master delighted.

It would be too long a story to attempt to do justice to this collection. It is but a selection, and by no means too flattering a one, of the main portion now in the building of the Historical Society at New York. Taken together, it is by far the most authentic, reliable and valuable gallery of old masters ever amassed by one collector in this country, and would be very highly valued in any part of Europe. The Bryan gallery in New York contained a few early, archaic works of much interest, but abounded in very indifferent copies, and was far from having any choiceness or selection. Its principal value was in some early northern works, some early copies and one or two originals of that delicate and exquisite master, Hans Memling, who is seen in such perfection at Ghent and Bruges.

Certainly the average of the older masters in Mr. Jarves's collection, not taking into account one or two Peruginos and Francias, and some other large compositions of the first order as to importance and cost, is quite equal, if it be not superior to the additions lately made to the National Gallery, London, under the supervision of Sir Charles Eastlake; and a choicer gallery than that, though small, does not exist in Europe.

The works now here, have, in some instances, been very delicately and beautifully engraved in outline for Mr. Jarves's Art Studies, by a rare hand, the pupil of Raphael Menges. One has but to compare them with the outlines which disfigure, for the most part, Mrs. Jameson's works, to mark the difference. One may read in the above named work some very discriminating and judicious criticism on the merit and peculiar characteristics of these old men, of whom here we have examples.

We have not touched upon the treasure of the collection, an unfinished work by Leonardo da Vinci, which was valued in Europe at \$20,000. We leave this to make its own impression. It has that grace, depth, and modelling, and the characteristic blue, rocky landscape, which are peculiar to this great painter. Any one who saw La Vierge aux Rochers in the British Institution a few years since, by the same hand, and of which there is a copy or replica in the Louvre, will recognize the resemblance. Nor have we described the Mater Dolorosa which fastens everybody by its power, nor the Giorgione, or Luca Signorelli; but we would urge every one who would see Art in its greatest periods and most illustrious names; who would appreciate the force of Ruskin's criticisms, and the best literature and *connoisseurship* of the age relating to this subject, to visit this small but precious chamber of ancient works.

The whole impression upon one is as if a piece of Europe—Florence, Dresden or Paris—had been cut out and brought over here to be set up in Washington street. So far away are you there among the mighty Past; so breathing is it all "of the still air of delightful studies," under the shadow of the Portico of Saint Marks or the gorgeous halls of the Pitti and the Vatican. Nor need it be feared that the works may not be genuine. They speak for themselves, to every educated eye, and to every natural sensibility. They need no other passport, though the Catalogue gives an ample one, and it must be considered that all noblest things are not to be appreciated at a glance. Who doubts that Chaucer, Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher are great poets, and yet it is in proportion as one's taste is cultivated, catholic, refined, that one enters into the merits of these old writers. But here we have the opportunity of study of various ages, and the works we have principally pointed out are of the most finished and developed periods, and are to art what (as a whole), Milton, Gray, Collins, Pope, Byron, or Tennyson, are to literature, geniuses which appeal to all time and to various idiosyncracies and capacities.

AMATEUR.

Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JAN. 13.—The faithful chronicler of concerts who should write from Springfield would be kept busy this winter. No previous season has brought with it so many and so good musical entertainments, and we hear of several more on the tapis. Last Monday evening, Mrs. PRESTON of Hartford, with Miss BARTON, mezzo soprano, and OSCAR MAYO, pianist, gave a concert to an audience which was as enthusiastic as the temperature of the hall would allow. We have read of liquid notes, but we rejoice that nothing of the kind was heard on the evening in question, for the inevitable anomaly of frozen notes might not have been agree-

able. Under the circumstances, it would of course be out of the way to criticize closely, much more to find fault—which many seem to consider synonymous with the former much-abused word. Mrs. Preston sang well and showed that she could sing better. She and her accompanist did not appear familiar with each other, and if this was the case no inexcusable blunders were apparent. Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud" was perhaps the most faulty in this respect, the tempo being sometimes painfully unsteady. Miss Barton, who sang three or four solos and a duet with Mrs. Preston, has a pleasant voice, and one it would be worth her while to cultivate, in order to gain the finish, which experience and a good teacher would give her, and which she now lacks. She should avoid singing light songs in too strict time, and remember that even Verdi's music should be sung as Verdi wrote it. A similar remark would apply with equal force to Mr. Mayo, who played an exceedingly tame and common-place accompaniment instead of the one written to "Our good ship sails to-night." His piano solos did not present great technical difficulties, but he played them as well as any man could with cold fingers.

On Thursday evening Mr. EDWARD HOFFMAN (a younger brother of Richard) gave a pianoforte soirée, which was attended by a "select few" of our musicians. Although the programme was composed of modern and not classical music, the occasion was a very enjoyable one. Mr. Hoffman plays with great correctness and nicety of expression pieces of the grade of Thalberg's fantasia on *Masaniello*, Satter's *Traviata* fantasia, &c. Jaell's fantasia on *Norma*, with which the soirée began, was hardly as perfectly executed as most of the following pieces, and the "Last hope" was played faster—at least the "working up"—and with less delicacy than Gottschalk would have played it. In all other respects there was little to criticize. But there was considerable to laugh at in "Dixiana." The antiquated melody of "Dixie," in this caprice of Richard Hoffmann's, is made to rave with a perfect looseness. Think of making a fugue of "Dixie!" "Glory, hallelujah!" will come next. R.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JANUARY 18, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of CHOPIN'S "MAREKAS."

First Philharmonic Concert.

The sound of an orchestra, of a Beethoven Symphony, was something for which ear and soul had thirsted so long in these times, that no one was disposed to listen very critically. It was well to make the best of our diminished means, and if our orchestra is thinned out by the war, to find a satisfaction in the thought that this too is contributing all that it can spare to swell the inspiring sound and rhythm of the army that shall save our country, and bring back peace and unity and Art and music under more glorious auspices than ever before. In such a time could not a patriotic ear hear the absent instruments almost as clearly as those present, coöperating sympathetically as it were these thinned harmonies to make them rich with nobler meaning and intention? So we have all to thank CARL ZERRAHN for gathering up such forces as were left, and organizing them to such good purpose, so that we still may not altogether lack the refreshment of orchestral music, nor forget the sound of Beethoven and Mozart.

The Music Hall was so well filled, on floor and

balconies, as to look like old times, and show a real general interest in the occasion. And it soon appeared that our conductor had collected not so bad an orchestra after all. It numbered thirty-five or forty instruments; with six first and six second violins—the seconds, however, by no means relatively so efficient as the first. There was but one bassoon, and he a new one, with a violoncello for his mate. The other wind parts were reasonably well filled; some of them very well. And so the "Pastoral Symphony" commenced, and sounded very natural, winning one to its summer mood, almost persuading him that he breathed the warm, blithe, breezy, fragrant air of grassy fields in the long days of June. How wonderfully Beethoven has caught the whispered, evanescent tune of it in that little motive of the first Allegro! And to what a life-some, stimulating quality he blends his instruments! Nothing dull or heavy in the mingling of those tone-colors; they "hit the sense," as Shakspeare has it, and set every nerve alive and tingling with enjoyment. That first movement, considering its difficulty, the delicate rendering of little mingling phrases and melodic fragments required, and considering the reduced size and of course somewhat make-shift composition of the orchestra, went very satisfactorily. And so did the next movement, which is also the next best, the Andante "by the brookside," flowing rich and cool and mellow, with bright gleams of sunshine and brighter flashes of bird notes ever and anon crossing the shadows. One forgives the good Beethoven those imitations of nightingale, &c., to which we pause and listen at the end; for he was happy then; it as if he smiled when it was done, and done so beautifully. The rollicking dance of the peasants, the rumbling of the coming storm, the cooled atmosphere, the pattering rain drops and the bursting of the thunder and the lightning in full fury, and the subsiding and clearing up again, were made quite effective. The last part, suggesting shepherds' songs with their returning flocks, and hymns of gratitude, was a little confused: the stammering of a horn, here and in earlier parts, disturbed one's equanimity sometimes. But on the whole the "Pastoral Symphony" was much enjoyed. You felt Beethoven in it; he is unmistakable, even without a splendid orchestra; you touch him and his strong genius magnetizes you, his deep, tender, human spirit glows through you, and lifts you into your freer, larger, nobler self.

The Orpheus Glee Club followed, closing the first part. The indefatigable KREISSMANN, with preliminary wave of arm, winds them up, and off they go, as one man, with mechanical precision, careful light and shade (not so exaggerated as sometimes formerly), and Teutonic fervor, in one of Mendelssohn's part-songs, called "Love and Wine." A very good one, but unfortunately not the best suited to some of the most prominent voices called in play; those high tenors struggling rather desperately with notes too high for them. Yet there was such life about it, that it pleased and was most eagerly encored; the Club returned and sang another piece, less difficult and more successful. Their pieces in the second part were better chosen. Lachner's "Hymn to Music" (written for the recent Männergesang-verein festival at Nuremberg?) is an interesting composition, of some variety and dignity; it brought out the strong basses of the Or-

pheus roundly, and did not expose the weak points, as above. It was finely sung, and made an excellent effect, as did also "The Forest" by Haeser. The introduction of *Liedertafel* songs into a Symphony concert would be rather questionable, as a general rule, in a fully furnished musical community. In Germany we never heard it, except where something of a nobler character, like Mendelssohn's "Antigone," was sung. The true place and the true charm of these pieces is in the Club rooms, round the social tables with the beer and wine, lending a refined sentiment, a genial enthusiasm to convivial expansion. They sound better there than they can sound in a concert room. Yet it is a very genuine element in music, and really artistic; and in our circumstances, there are few things which could be employed so happily to give variety to a Symphony concert, as these well-trained and, hearty part-song singings of the "Orpheus." We would only suggest that in such concerts their nobler and manlier choruses, such as *Antigone* and *Ædipus* afford, should take precedence of the more commonplace convivial and sentimental.

The *Tannhäuser* overture has become a favorite here, and there was probably a call for it, as much as there was for any special work. It is a mistake, however, to suppose, as many do, that in it we are listening to the so-called "music of the future," or that from it we can gather an idea either of the genius or of the peculiar principles of Richard Wagner: inasmuch as those principles justify no overture at all, any more than they do a symphony, or any other composition purely instrumental; the Wagner notion being, that the Tone is naught without the Word. The opera *Tannhäuser* only hints the way, in parts, towards his Opera or "Art-work" of the "Future," to which he henceforth devotes himself, and in which recitative dialogue takes the place of melody, while the orchestra supplies only background. This overture, therefore, stands upon its own independent merits as an instrumental work, although of course it is better understood after an acquaintance with the opera, from which it takes its leading motives. It is imposing, startling in its effects, contrasting solemn religious tranquility and triumph with delicious, despairing rapture of the senses, in an avidly suggestive manner. We own that it took hold of us more when it was new, than it does now; though it has not wholly lost its charm. But that it is a charm to last and grow more and more inwardly satisfying, like that of some of the perfect older masterpieces, such as the *Zauberflöte*, the *Iphigenia*, the *Leonora*, the *Freyschütz* overtures, we may well doubt. On this occasion, too, we felt that too much of its peculiar power is lost without a much larger orchestra; with three or four times as many violins, and a richer body of middle strings and bass, that thin, aqualing effect of certain passages becomes relieved and tolerable; but, while not doubting that the work was enjoyed by many of the audience, the result of the experiment was to our mind not favorable to the selection of *Tannhäuser* for such an orchestra, in its more important concerts.

The Finale to the first act of *Don Giovanni*, as an orchestral piece, recalled the wonderful wealth and beauty of Mozart's music in a delightful manner. The instruments warmed to their pleasing work.

On the whole, the concert was successful, and we desire again to express our thanks to Mr. Zerrahn and to the members of the orchestra for the good service which they have done us and are prepared to do us in these musically barren times. We hope Mr. Zerrahn will see the expediency of continuing such concerts, once in every week or two, throughout the larger portion of the year, until they shall become an institution, something always to be counted on as a resource. We are sure it will be easier to educate the public to that, than it is to get the whole thing up anew, for a few concerts only, each year after very long intervals. In such continued frequency of concerts, there would be opportunities enough to introduce lighter works, to please a variety of tastes; and many things, which are questionable in the four or five only feasts we have of classical and noble music, would find their fit occasions, leaving the others unalloyed.

CONCERTS COMING.—There are some good things at hand. For instance:

This evening, at Chickering's rooms, Miss MARY FAX, the young pianist, gives the first of a series of four concerts, chiefly, we presume, of pianoforte music, with the assistance of Messrs. F. SUCK, H. SUCK and WULF FRIES, to make up a Quartet of piano and strings.

Next Wednesday evening comes the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB again, who have secured the assistance of Mr. J. C. D. PARKER as pianist. He will play with them a Trio by Hummel in E flat, and Variations (with cello) by Mendelssohn. There will be a Quartet by Mendelssohn in E flat, and Mr. MEISEL will play the Andante of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. Really our London critics will admit that the Club justifies its name this time.

Next Saturday evening, Mr. JOHN K. PAINE will give an *Organ Concert* in the Tremont Temple. Then we shall hear *real organ music*, the noblest ever written,—some of the finest specimens of the Preludes and Fugues, the Toccatas, the Sonatas, &c. of Sebastian Bach, the master and the genius *par excellence* of the Organ, into whose works Mr. Paine has studied more deeply and more successfully than any American. In a second part he will give other composers by way of variety; but the entire programme is not yet determined.

On the following Saturday, Feb. 1, Mr. ZERRAHN's second Philharmonic Concert. He proposes to give us the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, Wagner's "Faust" overture, and what other good things we are not yet informed.

Odds and Ends.

The *N. Y. Tribune* man returns to his attack on Handel, thus:

We have no desire to enter into any controversy with the editor of *Dwight's Musical Journal* respecting Handel's *Messiah*. With the exception of the Hallelujah Chorus, and "He was Despised," pretty much every other piece, we take it, must be a mouldy bore to ears educated to the refinements of logical musical form, of pure and grand statement, of vocal method, of vocal declamatory style, of musical rhythm integrated with and born of regular and flexible poetical measures, and not dreary prose, taken higgledy-piggledy, without connection, progress, climax, and culmination; the whole drowned in drearier fugues, the fossils of an early age, when Apollo's rays had not produced the higher forms of grace and beauty.

NEW YORK.—Two operatic performances were announced for this week at the Academy of Music; on Wednesday, Miss Kellogg in the *Traviata*; on Friday, Miss Hinkley in "The Barber of Seville," Brignoli being the tenor, and Mancusi the baritone; Susini, we suppose, the bass. *Ditto* at the Brooklyn Academy on Tuesday and Thursday.

A Glee and Madrigal soirée, complimentary to Henri Appy, the violinist, was given at Dodworth's Saloon, by a number of his friends, both professional and amateur, on Thursday evening, Jan 9. The programme included:

1. Piano Quartet—Triumphal March, 5th Symphony... Beethoven
2. Madrigal—Now is the month of Maying... T. Morley. A. D. 1595
3. A Glee—While the Moon shines bright... Bishop
4. Song—Ah! Maiden, cease those pearly tears... H. Rodwell
5. Madrigal—There is a Ladie, Sweete and Kind... Thomas Ford. A. D. 1607
6. Violin Solo—Concerto in E minor... Mendelssohn
- Andante Finale... Henri Appy

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Academy of Music was held in the Directors' Room of the Academy, last evening. The attendance was numerous. Mr. Gordon F. Ford was called to the chair, and Mr. John Winslow acted as Secretary. Mr. I. H. Frothingham, the Treasurer, submitted the annual statement of receipts and expenditures, showing the receipts of the year, from all sources, to have been \$56,227 55; expenditures, \$51,290 98; leaving a balance of \$1,936 17. The total cost of the building up to date has been \$206,750. The income during the past year amounted to 15,502, and the estimated ordinary expenses of the ensuing year are put down at \$10,000. The Board then proceeded to ballot for five Directors, in the place of those whose terms have expired. The following were chosen, being the same as last year, with the exception of Mr. Massey, who replaces Mr. Thurston, deceased: Luther B. Wyman, Henry E. Pierpont, Samuel Sloan, Isaac H. Frothingham, Marcellus Massey.—*Tribune*, 11th.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Harmonia Musical Society announce their first concert at Musical Fund Hall for Jan. 23d.—Mr. Simon Hassler gave a concert at the same place on Thursday, assisted by several artists and Carl Senz with his orchestra.—The Junior Harmonia Musical Society gave their second annual concert in Handel and Haydn Hall on Tuesday.—The programme of last Saturday's Germania Rehearsal was thus:

1. Prize March—In Union is strength... Winter
2. Song—Das Schwabe Maedle... Proch
3. Waltz—Spirals... Strauss
4. Andante—Symphony in C... Schubert
5. Overture—Dinorah... Meyerbeer
6. Aria—Faust (1st time)... Spohr
7. Finale—Don Giovanni... Mozart

This evening the Kellogg-Hinckley troupe, on their way to Washington, treat the Philadelphians to the "Barber."

We cannot resist copying "Stella" (of the Worcester *Palladium*). This week she says:

Within a few years no one with the slightest pretension to a "musical ear," could pass by our school-houses during the time that singing formed a part of the exercises, without a wish that suitable musical instruction might be given in our public schools. The screeching, the discord, the undue prominence of a few rough voices, recalled the lines,

"This must be music," said he, "of the spars;
For I'm blest if each note of it doesn't run through one."

A large proportion of the scholars probably obtain their ideas of music from what they learn at school. How important, then, that they should be well taught! We argued something better for the future of young Worcester, last Wednesday evening, when Mr. Whiting's class, of a thousand or more children from the public schools, sang, at Mechanics' Hall, the national songs, choral music, &c. There was no screaming upon the high notes—which were given with the proper voice—and the children evidently understood what they were about, singing melodiously and in time. Mr. Whiting has made a decided change in the singing of the public schools, and we shall probably hear no more parental injunctions against children's singing at school lest they acquire the dreaded "school tone." It is also a matter of no small importance *what* children sing; whether they follow the lead of an intelligent teacher, or sing "what they know"—the usual alternative—and disgrace the school-room with plantation melodies, street songs, &c.

Dwight's Journal of Music announces that it will publish in its pages this year, *Chopin's Mazurkas* and *Handel's Messiah*. As the terms of the *Journal* are two dollars a year, it is evident that a subscription for the paper—high-toned and excellent as it is—is the cheapest musical "investment" that can be made. This is not a "puff," but our unasked opinion.

It is observed by *The Athenæum* that the knowledge of the Prince Consort was very great, and it lay in many unexpected nooks and corners. Of music he knew far more than an average man, played on more than one instrument, sang well, and wrote down his thoughts in musical works of some length, if not with high creative power, yet with a steadiness and sensibility not to be found in the works of ordinary gentlemen who write. It is known to the public that he was a very good etcher. "We have heard an engineer declare that the Prince knew more of fortification than any non-professional person he had ever met; and the Secretary of the Photographic Society assures us he was a very admirable photographer."

"Spiridion," in Paris, writes to the *Evening Gazette*:

I mentioned to you Rossini's visit to the Grand Opera at the general rehearsal of 'L'Etoile de Messine' and the ovation given him. Do you remember that the orchestra played to honor him the overture to 'William Tell'? The next day Rossini sent for the scores of the overture and corrected a *very important mistake* which existed in the score and had existed there since 1829. Nobody's ears had detected it. Rossini's ear discovered it the other night for the first time. Isn't it rather odd? Speaking of music, let me mention that Boieldieu's piano, the instrument on which he composed his last opera, 'Les Deux Nuits,' was sold at Havre recently for forty francs. The present owner would not sell it for ten thousand francs.

Col. John Cochrane (says the *Tribune*) has introduced singing into his regiment, in which all the men and officers are expected to take part, and has established daily religious services through the regimental chaplain. "John Brown's soul is marching on," chorused by a thousand men at evening parade, gives a Cromwellian earnestness to this war, in at least one camp.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—From Herr Bagge's *Musik-Zeitung* of Dec. 21, we glean the following:

Hellmesberger and party in their recent "Quartet productions" have been playing several of the last Quartets of Beethoven, in which, while generally praised for their artistic rendering, they are criticized on two points: first, that the leading violin inclines to make itself too prominent, while the others yield too timidly; and secondly, that they are not sufficiently attentive to Beethoven's meaning as indicated by his *forte* and *crescendo* marks. (So we see, even the best do not escape criticism.) Beethoven's G major Trio, and Mendelssohn's piano Quartet in B minor formed part of the last programme.

The orchestral society "Euterpe" gave Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture, Haydn's E♭ Symphony with the Variations in C minor, a piano piece with orchestra, by Schumann, played by Herr Dunkel, and some "empty" songs by their director, Herr Langwara.

At the second Gesellschafts-Concert, Mozart's E♭ Symphony and Beethoven's *Egmont* music were produced. Frau Dustmann sang the songs of Clä-chen, and Herr Lewinsky recited the connecting poem.—Piano concerts were given during the week by Alexander Dreychock, Wilhelm Treiber, and Fräulein Wiswe.

HANOVER.—HEINRICH MARSCHNER, the well-known composer of the "Templar and the Jewess," the "Vampyre," "Hans Heiling," and other operas, died here of apoplexy, after a long and severe illness, on the 14th of December.

Wagner's *Rienzi* has been given several times at the opera. Herr Niemann, the tenor, and Fran Caglianti sustained the chief parts admirably.

London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The selection on Monday night was again, in the instrumental department, exclusively dedicated to Mozart. One composition alone was drawn from the former programme, viz., the Quintet in A for clarinet and stringed instruments, the enthusiastic reception of which at the

first Mozart concert fully justified its early repetition. Mr. Lazarus was, of course, the clarinet, M. Vieuxtemps, and his associates—Herr Ries, Mr. Webb, and M. Paque—forming the string quartet.

The pianist (her first appearance this season) was Miss Arabella Goddard, who met with such a welcome as is only accorded to artists standing highest in public favor. . . . Mozart with her has always been an especial favorite, the unaffected purity of his music being thoroughly congenial to her own unaffectedly expressive style of playing. A more graceful example of his genius than the sonata in B flat major (the third of four sonatas in the same key) could not possibly have been chosen. The slow movement (passing over the numberless beauties of the *allegro* and *rondo*) is an inspiration. The audience, which crowded St. James's hall in area, balconies, gallery, and orchestra, listened to the whole with rapt attention, applauded movement after movement, and at the conclusion unanimously recalled the pianist. Miss Goddard's other performance was in the celebrated sonata for pianoforte and violin, written expressly for Mlle. Strinasacchi, a famous "virtuosa" in her day, whose execution on the fiddle, when Mozart reigned "King of Harmony" at Vienna, astonished and delighted the amateurs of that gay capital, and most especially the Imperial connoisseur, Joseph II. This is the sonata which was written in such haste, that, at the public performance—the violinist being Mlle. Strinasacchi, the pianist Mozart himself—one of the players (it is easy to guess which," says M. Oulibicheff) had nothing on his desk to read from but a blank sheet of music paper. Mozart (as usual) having been unable to find time for noting down his own part, the sonata was given without rehearsal, and the great composer had to improvise, or trust to memory, for his share of the duet. . . . In the admirable quartet in E flat (No. 4 of the renowned "six" inscribed to Haydn) the accomplished Belgian violinist—who is, if possible, playing better this year than last—surpassed himself; and thus the concert both commenced and terminated with *clat*. . . . The singers were Miss Banks and Mme. Louisa Vinning, both deserving favorites of the public, and for both of whom were set down pieces attractive in themselves and happily contrasted with each other. Haydn's canzonet "Sympathy," and Mendelssohn's beautiful setting of Heine's poem, "Auf fügen des Gesanges" (*Anglice*, "On the Pinions of Song"), were allotted to Mme. Vinning, who in each was successful, more especially in the canzonet of Haydn, after which she was complimented with a "recall." Miss Banks, in a florid air from Handel's *Rinaldo* (the first of the 29 Italian operas composed for London), exhibited the results of her St. Martin's Hall training, under Mr. Hullah, to eminent advantage, and, later in the evening, proved herself a thorough mistress of the homelier English school, obtaining a well-merited encore in a new and very expressive ballad, entitled "Never forget," one of the most recent compositions of Mr. Macfarren. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal pieces with his accustomed mastery skill.

At the 69th of the Monday Popular Concerts, postponed in consequence of the lamented death of the Prince consort, from Monday the 17th to Tuesday the 18th inst. Miss Arabella Goddard performed with triumphant success, and this for the third time, the last and greatest of Beethoven's sonatas. The programme was selected from the writing of various masters, and commenced with a quartet by Krommer, a composer doubtless new to the majority of the audience, and, judging from the specimen produced, not likely to become familiar, although this same "Moravian" (born at Kammenitz in 1759) composed no less than sixty-nine quartets for stringed instruments, besides a vast quantity of music for the church. The remainder of the instrumental selection, however, made amends for the diluted character of the "Krommer" music, as it comprised the sonata in C minor, op. 111, of Beethoven, the trio in D minor (No. 1) of Mendelssohn and Beethoven's septet, the latter repeated by general desire. . . . That Miss Goddard played the sonata throughout *con amore* will be readily understood, and never has she exceeded the grace and brilliancy infused on this occasion; the warmth and enthusiastic unanimity of the "recall" at the conclusion showing how completely her efforts had been appreciated. In the ever welcome D minor trio of Mendelssohn, Miss Goddard enjoyed the coöperation of Messrs. Vieuxtemps and Paque, and a finer performance of this masterpiece has probably never been listened to. The speed at which Miss Goddard led off the irresistible *scherzo*, maintaining it unabated to the very end, was astounding. But, as Mozart said to the Emperor Joseph II., "not a note was missing." . . . The septet, although coming last in the pro-

gramme, again gave unqualified satisfaction, as was shown by the larger part of the audience remaining for the final note, and applauding with as much vigor and freshness as if they had only just begun the evening. The vocal music was shared between Mad. Florence Lancia and Mr. Winn, the lady introducing a new and graceful song composed expressly for her by Mr. Frank Mori, which she sang to perfection, and repeating Schubert's "Junge Nonne," with even more effect than at a former concert; Mr. Winn winning new favor with Wallace's popular "Bell-ringer" and "Se vuol ballare," from Mozart's Figaro.—*London Musical World*.

MANCHESTER.—Two more of the Hallé concerts have been given in Free Trade Hall, both to crowded audiences. Of the first (Dec. 5), *The Manchester Guardian* writes:

"The programme presented several noticeable features. For the band, in addition to the two brilliant overtures of Spontini and Auber (*Olympia* and *Le Domino Noir*), there were Haydn's 'Surprise Symphony,' exhibiting throughout his serene and joyous temperament; the *allegretto scherzando*, from Beethoven's Symphony in F, (No. 8) which Hector Berlioz declares must have fallen from the skies entire; and Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' arranged for full orchestra, all of which were played with admirable precision, force, and light and shade, the *scherzando* having the usual compliment paid to it, viz., a demand for a repetition, with which, as the movement is provokingly short, Mr. Hallé did not hesitate to comply. The concerto was the No. 5 by M. Vieuxtemps, a genuine composition, put together with the constructive power of a true musician, and played with the skill of a *virtuoso* to whom the word difficult is unknown. The cadence was especially remarkable for originality and brilliancy. The whole performance was indeed admirable, and richly merited the great applause bestowed upon it. A *réclame* and *tarantella* by the same composer, were both excellent specimens of their class—the first grave and expressive, the second tricky, fanciful, humorous, and quite in character. Mozart's sonata for pianoforte and violin (in D), the same which Mr. Hallé and M. Vieuxtemps recently performed with so much success at the Monday Popular Concerts in London, is a perfect gem in its way, full of charming grace and *naïveté*, the execution being beyond all praise. It is hardly necessary to say anything of Mr. Hallé's performance of Weber's Rondo in C major (the last movement in his solo sonata, Op. 24), hit off with such brilliancy and force as to call forth the warmest demonstrations, which the great pianist acknowledged by a performance, also in his best style, of a well-known valse of Chopin's. Miss Palmer, the vocalist of the evening, acquitted herself in every way satisfactorily. The selection was good. Mercadante's air 'Il sogno' with violoncello accompaniment (admirably played by M. E. Vieuxtemps), is in the pure, Italian school, expressive, broad, refined, and Mr. Davison's setting of Shelley's 'Lament,' quite true to the desolate feeling that runs through the poem. The accomplished critic of the *Times* has here shown that he can compose as well as criticize. Two canzonets by Sordani (?) both interesting compositions, were rendered by the same fair vocalist with taste as well as feeling."

At the next Concert (Dec. 12) the whole of Gluck's *Orfeo* was given. The following is extracted from the interesting report of *The Manchester Guardian*:

"The contralto voice was that of Mad. Sainton-Dolby, as Orpheus; and the sopranos were Mad. Lemmens-Sherington, as Eurydice, and Miss Armstrong as Love. In estimating the merits of each performance, it must be carefully borne in mind that this was only a recital of the music of the opera, and not an operatic performance. This remark is especially applicable to the part of Orpheus. It must be recollected that, in the case of a recital, the intense emotions that agitate the heart of Orpheus throughout have to be expressed by the voice alone; and, this considered, the task undertaken by Mad. Sainton-Dolby was no ordinary one, and she no doubt felt it to be so. But she addressed herself to it with great courage, and, we think, most successfully. Mad. Sherrington, as Eurydice, is less heavily taxed. Her singing, as it always is, was admirable; and in the great scene with Orpheus, in the third act, nothing could be finer in the way of expression. Miss Armstrong acquitted herself admirably in the beautiful music allotted to the part of Love, exactly suited as it is to her known classical predilections. Nothing was wanting in the chorus; a fact that reflects great credit upon them, considering that it was a first performance, and consisted of music demanding much intelligence to render it effectual. The band was most excellent throughout."

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